

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Reil.

SPENCER COOPER,
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR,
Always in Advance.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1899.

NUMBER 18.

August Redemption

—OF THE—

PHOENIX INVESTMENT CO.,

(INCORPORATED)
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Dr. F. O. YOUNG, President,
E. T. HOULIHAN, First Vice President,
H. T. DUNCAN, Second Vice President,
PHIL J. GORMLEY, Treasurer,
J. J. WOODS, Secretary,
J. EMBRY ALLEN, Gen. Counsel.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

DR. F. O. YOUNG, E. T. HOULIHAN,
H. T. DUNCAN, PHIL J. GORMLEY,
JOHN F. COMBS, B. B. JONES,
J. J. WOODS, J. EMBRY ALLEN.

August Redemption of the Phoenix Investment Co. Incorpor'd, Lexington, Ky.

Number of coupons redeemed.....1,747
Amount in Coupon Fund.....\$4,817 40
Amount paid out.....4,804 25

Balance left in Coupon Fund.....\$13 15
Amount passed to Reserve Fund.....\$1,376 40

Coupons Redeemed August 25th, 1899.

COUPONS REDEEMED.	NAME.	ADDRESS.	REDEMPTION VALUE.	COST.
92.....	Mary A. Gormley.....	Lexington, Ky.....	\$253 00	\$ 92 00
250.....	The Filson Club.....	".....	687 50	250 00
182.....	J. B. Cason & Co.....	".....	500 50	182 00
15.....	Business Men's Pool.....	Winchester, ".....	41 25	15 00
39.....	R. R. Men's Pool.....	Lexington, Ky.....	107 25	39 00
194.....	City Bus. Men's Pool.....	".....	533 50	194 00
50.....	J. E. Allen.....	".....	137 50	50 00
35.....	B. E. Allen.....	".....	68 75	25 00
5.....	J. J. Allen.....	".....	13 75	5 00
12.....	Mrs. S. J. Brooks.....	".....	33 00	12 00
6.....	Miss Margaret Lorrain.....	".....	16 50	6 00
11.....	J. H. Combs.....	".....	30 25	11 00
14.....	Albert E. Carter.....	".....	38 50	14 00
16.....	R. J. Colbert.....	".....	44 00	16 00
15.....	Nicholas Daley.....	".....	41 25	15 80
7.....	Mrs. R. Deborse.....	".....	19 25	7 00
4.....	Mrs. Louisa Dupree.....	".....	11 00	4 00
5.....	C. P. Dodd.....	".....	13 75	5 00
7.....	John Fry.....	".....	19 25	7 00
12.....	James W. Gordon.....	".....	38 00	12 00
158.....	Phil. J. Gormley.....	".....	434 50	158 00
7.....	David Hughes.....	".....	19 25	7 00
20.....	Walter Harper.....	Mt. Sterling, ".....	55 00	20 00
17.....	Mrs. Mattie Jones.....	Lexington, ".....	46 75	17 00
2.....	Henry Jackson.....	".....	5 50	2 00
4.....	W. T. King.....	Paris, ".....	11 00	4 00
6.....	W. H. Kirby.....	Maysville, ".....	16 50	6 00
2.....	A. M. Lutz.....	Lexington, ".....	5 50	2 00
1.....	Gus Lockman.....	".....	2 75	1 00
36.....	Samuel Magee.....	".....	99 00	36 00
69.....	Mrs. Mary McGinnis.....	".....	198 00	69 00
39.....	J. P. Montjoy.....	".....	79 75	29 00
10.....	John McGurk.....	".....	27 50	10 00
6.....	John Day.....	Covington, ".....	16 50	6 00
19.....	T. G. Saxton.....	Lexington, ".....	52 25	19 00
6.....	Claude A. Sittason.....	".....	16 50	6 00
12.....	Mrs. Martha Smalls.....	".....	33 00	12 00
35.....	John L. Thomkins.....	".....	96 25	35 00
4.....	Mrs. D. D. Taylor.....	".....	11 00	4 00
2.....	E. B. Tingle.....	".....	5 50	2 00
3.....	William J. Urfer.....	".....	8 25	3 00
14.....	R. L. Woodrum.....	".....	28 50	14 00
2.....	J. F. Woods.....	Cynthiana, ".....	5 50	2 00
3.....	Wm. Walker.....	Lexington, ".....	8 25	3 00
2.....	Wm. H. Walde.....	".....	5 50	2 00
2.....	Clark Walter.....	".....	8 25	3 00
3.....	J. J. Woods.....	".....	5 50	2 00
10.....	F. O. Young.....	".....	27 50	10 00
1.....	Joseph Spicer.....	".....	2 75	1 00
5.....	Mrs. Mattie Claton.....	Covington, ".....	13 75	5 00
50.....	Thomas H. Shelby.....	".....	137 50	50 00

SPECIAL REDEMPTION.

66.....	Mary A. Gormley.....	Lexington, Ky.....	181 50	\$ 65 00
6.....	The Filson Club.....	".....	16 50	6 00
18.....	Nicholas Daley.....	".....	49 50	18 00
42.....	Samuel Magee.....	".....	115 50	42 00
54.....	J. B. Cason & Co.....	".....	148 50	54 00
18.....	Mrs. Mary McGinnis.....	".....	49 25	18 00
6.....	John Day.....	Covington, ".....	16 50	6 00
36.....	John L. Thomkins.....	Lexington, ".....	99 00	36 00

LEXINGTON, KY., August 25, 1899.

To Whom it May Concern:

We, the undersigned, members of the committee appointed to superintend the redemption of the Phoenix Investment Co., have this day examined the books and checked the redemption for the month of August. We find the books are kept in such a way as to make the matter of checking easy, and do attest the correctness of same.

C. C. CALHOUN, Attorney at Law, 19 Cheapside.
HORACE JOHNSON, E. P. JOHNSON & Co., Plumbing, 18 Market Street.
S. E. HILL, U. S. Commissioner, Northern Bank Bldg.

THE PHOENIX INVESTMENT CO., is based on the same principle as Life Insurance Companies, excepting we do not promise to pay as large returns for your money as the Insurance Companies have paid, and are paying. But they pay your heirs. We pay you, you would rather have \$100.00 while you live than \$1,000.00 after you are dead.

We call special attention to the list of Coupons that have matured in our August redemption. Our business is large and is continually increasing, for our system has merited the success that our Company has met with. The average business man is too busy with his own business to give enough of his time to a thorough study of any other business, and he takes the experience of his fellow-man that it is either good or bad. Therefore we take pleasure in the above statement, by showing the results attained by some of our investors. Other testimonials will be furnished upon application.

For literature and further information call on or address,

SPENCER COOPER, Gen'l Agent.
Hazel Green, Ky.

AFTER MANY YEARS

DR. SMITH MUST ANSWER TO THE
CHARGE OF MURDER.

Tragic Story Just Now Told—His Wife Under Indictment in Illinois for Assaulting Him—Tale of Dirk and Pistol.

An Owingsville dispatch says: The news from Marshall, Ill., in regard to the arrest of Dr. J. W. Smith in that place on requisition papers from Kentucky is of much interest here, and thereby hangs a tragic tale.

J. W. Smith and Henry Craig were neighbor boys, sons of well-to-do parents of Bath county, and were rivals for the hand of a black-eyed beauty, the belle of her neighborhood. The boys, aged about seventeen years, were attending the same school. Their rivalry culminated in a fight one Friday afternoon. They met at the same place at a singing school the next day, it being Saturday, September 14, 1877, twenty-two years ago, when Craig's brother John and Smith got into a difficulty, which resulted in Smith's leaving the place on a run. Meeting Henry Craig in his path, it is charged he drew a dirk knife and stabbed him, the wounds proving fatal. Smith escaped.

He landed in Illinois friendless and penniless. He obtained work as a farm hand, which he was contentedly pursuing when he attracted the attention of a young widow, Sara Jones, a woman of wealth and high social standing. Smith was industrious and good-looking, and the friendship with Mrs. Jones soon ripened into mutual love, and she agreed to marry him provided he would go to school and get an education, she to pay all expenses. This he readily agreed to do, and did. They married. Smith became a successful physician and a much-respected citizen. They prospered financially, Dr. Smith being the manufacturer of some valuable proprietary medicines. They had no children, but their married life seemed to be an ideal one until perhaps a year ago, when jealousy for some unexplained reason entered the household.

Dr. Smith and his wife frequently had violent quarrels, sometimes coming to blows, the woman says. In one of these quarrels a son of Mrs. Smith by her former marriage, named Jones, undertook to become peacemaker. This was resented by the doctor who gave the young man a beating with his fists. This enraged young Jones, who rushed into the house, and procuring his revolver, met Smith on the stairway and began firing at him. Four shots took effect. Smith, after lingering between life and death for months, finally recovered. Jones was indicted for attempted murder, and his mother as accessory before the fact. This at least is Mrs. Smith's story of the affair.

The facts narrated in the first part of this story had been forgotten here, as twenty-two years had elapsed since they took place, until a few weeks ago, when a middle-aged woman, registering as Mrs. Sara Jones, of Marshall, Ill., came here and under pretenses of hunting up the title to land secured the fact in regard to her husband's crime in this county and quietly made arrangements for his arrest. Dr. Smith is the only witness against his wife and son of the shooting in Illinois, and their trial is to take place there this week. All the witnesses to the killing of Craig by Smith, about forty-five in number, are still living, and Craig's father and brothers have employed able counsel to prosecute Smith. The girl who was the cause of Craig and Smith's first quarrel is now a gray-haired matron.

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured.

This is to certify that I have had chronic diarrhoea ever since the war. I got so weak I could hardly walk or do anything. One bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured me sound and well.

J. R. GIBBS,

Fincastle, Va.

I had chronic diarrhoea for twelve years. Three bottles of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured me.

S. L. SHAVER, Fincastle, Va.

Both Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Shaver are prominent farmers and reside near Fincastle, Va. They procured the remedy from W. E. Casper, a druggist of that place, who is well acquainted with them and will vouch for the truth of their statements. For sale by J. T. Day Drug-gist.

In our notice of the party at Frank Murphy's last week, we mentioned the band that furnished the music as the Lacy string band, which should have read the Coldiron-Lacy string band. We make this correction to give honor to whom honor is due as South Coldiron is the leader.

A farmer way out in Oregon writing to the publishers of Horse Book, advertised in the issue, says, "I have read a number of books on the horse; some of them were large and of high price, but Biggle Horse Book did me more real good than any of them." The price is 50 cents, free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

You Are a Democrat

and, of course, want a democratic newspaper. THE CHICAGO DISPATCH is the Great Democratic Weekly Newspaper of the country. It advocates the re-adoption of the platform and the renomination of William Jennings Bryan.

There has never been a political campaign that will equal in importance that of the one to be fought next year. The republican party, backed by the money power of this country and Europe, is alert and aggressive. Flushed with the victory of three years ago it will seek by every means in its power to maintain its supremacy.

Democrats must be up and doing. They must wage an unceasing war upon their enemies. In no better and more effective way can this be done than by the circulation of good, sound democratic newspapers. The publisher of The Chicago Dispatch, will send to every new subscriber for three months a copy of The Chicago Dispatch for ten cents. If you are not already taking this great political weekly, send in ten cents at once. You should not only do this yourself, but you should induce all your friends to join with you. By a little effort you can easily raise a club of ten or twenty subscribers.

The Chicago Dispatch is endorsed by William Jennings Bryan and other democratic leaders.

Address THE CHICAGO DISPATCH,
120 and 122 Fifth Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Don't forget that you can have the Courier-Journal or Dispatch and THE HERALD one year for only \$1.25 cash in advance, and besides we will send you the Farm Journal until the end of the year 1903.



Hon. W. O. Mize, ex-state senator from this district, spoke to an appreciative audience on Saturday 18th inst. His theme treated of the frauds of the Louisville convention. He handled the subject in a masterly style and won the strict attention from the audience.

The pain of a burn or scald is almost instantly relieved by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It also heals the injured parts more quickly than any other treatment, and without the burn is very severe does not leave a scar. For sale by J. T. Day druggist.

A telegram was received here Wednesday from Washington, D. C., asking the father of Scott Johnson what disposition to make of his body who died there on the 18th inst. Scott has many friends here and in Breathitt who will be sorry to learn of his death.

People Believe what they read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. They know it is an honest medicine, and that it cures. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation assist digestion. 25c.

Prof. E. W. McDiarmid took membership with the Christian church Sunday night, by presenting a church letter from Hiram, Ohio.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Miss Lizzie Henry, a pupil of Hazel Green Academy, is home for a while on account of her health. She hopes to be able to re-enter school within a few weeks.

Your taxes are due and must be paid now. So please call and settle, and save trouble, as I am compelled to collect.
H. F. PIERATT, D. S.

See the results of woman's entry into politics as shown in John Bragard's home, at Hazel Green Academy on the 30th inst.

J. Morton Pieratt has resigned the position of deputy county clerk, and John H. Evans appointed in his stead.

Now if you want to keep yourself posted on the political issue of the coming campaign, subscribe for THE HERALD.

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.

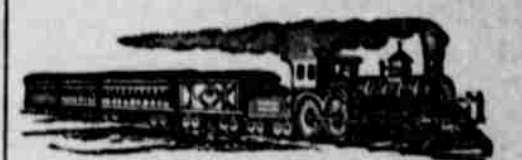
THE KELLAM CANCER, MEDICAL SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

WE GUARANTEE PERMANENT CURES without the use of the knife in CANCER and all CHRONIC SORES. No money to be paid until patients are cured. Our Medical and Surgical Departments are second to none, being composed of a corps of first-class Physicians.

All examinations free.
We treat no patients outside the hospital.

FRANK G. KELLAM. F. C. KELLAM,
HARRY KELLAM. General Manager.

HINTON, W. VA.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect May 21, 1899.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 2. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
	A.M. Lve.	P.M. Lve.	A.M. Lve.
Lexington.....	7 45 am	2 25 pm	5 54 am
Avon.....	8 10 am	2 50 pm	6 50 am
Winchester.....	8 30 am	3 10 pm	7 25 am
L & E June'n.....	8 45 am	3 22 pm	7 35 am
Indian Flds.....	9 00 am	3 38 pm	7 50 am
Clay City.....	9 16 am	3 56 pm	8 06 am
Stanton.....	9 25 am	4 06 pm	8 16 am
Filson.....	9 36 am	4 19 pm	8 31 am
Dundee.....	9 47 am	4 30 pm	8 42 am
Nat. Bridge.....	9 54 am	4 35 pm	8 48 am
Torrent.....	10 08 am	4 49 pm	9 02 am
Beatty's Je.....	10 29 am	5 11 pm	9 25 pm
Tallega.....	10 39 am	5 35 pm	9 34 pm
Athol.....	10 59 am	5 43 pm	9 53 pm
Jackson.....	11 30 am	6 15 pm	4 30 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 5. Daily ex. Sunday.
Jackson	5 40 am	2 25 pm	5 45 am
Athol	6 11 am	2 56 pm	6 40 am
Tallega	6 19 am	3 04 pm	6 55 am
Beatty's Je	6 41 am	3 26 pm	7 00 am
Torrent	7 02 am	3 47 pm	7 05 am
Nat. Bridge	7 18 am	4 01 pm	7 06 am
Dundee	7 23 am	4 08 pm	7 16 am
Filson	7 34 am	4 19 pm	7 28 am
Stanton	7 48 am	4 30 pm	7 40 am
Clay City	7 57 am	4 39 pm	7 49 am
Indian Flds	8 14 am	4 54 pm	8 05 am
L & E June'n	8 31 am	5 08 pm	8 20 am
Winchester	8 44 am	5 20 pm	8 30 am
Avon	9 04 am	5 40 pm	8 40 am
Lexington	9 30 am	6 05 pm	4 10 pm

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s

TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt.
Rothwell, Ky.

NOT MADE BY A TRUST
**CUP
HANDSPIKE
TORCHLIGHT
ON THE SQUARE
PLUG TOBACCO**
STRATTON BROTHERS TOB CO. INC. LOUISVILLE

PATENTS
DESIGNS
TRADE-MARKS
AND COPYRIGHTS
OBTAINED
ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY
Notice in "Inventive Age"
Book "How to Obtain Patents"
Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured.
Letters strictly confidential. Address
E. G. BIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

J. TAYLOR DAY,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
General Merchandise, Lumber,
Real Estate, &c.
Also, President Hazel Green Fair
and Driving Park Association and the
Farmers' Exchange.

LEGEND ABOUT MUSIC.

The Iroquois Indians Have a Fascinating Conception of the Harmonic Art.

One of the most singular fancies of the Iroquois Indians was that a spirit lives in the heart of every rock, the depth of every running stream and in every cavern. This legend of the Iroquois, in which the poetic idea plays an important part, opens with a love scene between a hunter and his bride, Mekaia, whom he had stolen from her people, already exhausted in pursuit. He leaves her to search for a canoe. The boat glides through the night nearer and nearer to the thunders of Niagara. To her terrified questioning the only answer is: "It is the surge breaking on the sandy shore or the night winds rushing through the forest." Presently the little bark is dashing on the waves. The white sheet of foam rises in spray, mocking the soaring of the bird in the morning.

They are about to dash into the cataract when Mekaia hears the voice of her lover calling to her from the shore. The spirit of the cataract has assumed his form, and she is being swept to the land of souls. The canoe plunges from sight, like a feather caught on the wings of a great wind.

A beautiful bird floats from the edge of a silver cloud and leads the hunter to the cave of the winds and then to the cave of the spirit of the cataract, who claims Mekaia. The lovers fly, led by the bird, that tells them the power of the spirit ends with the dawn. Moseharr, one arm about the maiden, clammers over the face of the precipice and launches a rock at the pursuing spirit, which dashes him an arrow flight backward.

The hunter has gained nearly the limit of the demon's kingdom. The purple and gray break out from the east. In that instant he drops exhausted. The spirits' hands grasp him and Mekaia. With a last effort Moseharr throws himself forward, and they are beyond the fiend's boundaries. In a breath multitudes of bright beings start from field and flood proclaiming their escape. They destroy the fiend, and the spirit bird, rising in the air, drops upon the pair from his radiant wings showers of light.

To dwell upon the effective points suggested in this legend is scarcely necessary, for to the composer gifted with sufficient imagination to undertake their portrayal they will prove quite patent enough. In the range of folklore it would be difficult to find greater opportunity and variety for a symphonic poem than in this brief recital.

There is the love episode, the voyage to the falls, with its possibilities of powerful climax in the reflections of emotions and of nature; the episode of the bird, the meeting and flight of the lovers, the springing up of the creatures of light and the upward flight of the spirit bird shedding radiance from its wings.—Chicago Chronicle.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Vast Strides in Colonial Power Made by European Nations.

Some interesting statistics in regard to the increase of population have just been compiled by Sir Robert Giffon, a distinguished English expert on this subject. He shows that England now has possessions on all five continents, and that a quarter of the population of the entire earth is subject to her suzerainty. The extent of territory owned by England amounts to 13,000,000 square miles, and on this immense tract is a population of 420,000,000. During the last 27 years the English realm has increased by 2,854,000 square miles, and within the same period 125,000,000 have been added to the population.

Since 1871 the population of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland and Ireland—has increased from 32,000,000 to 40,000,000. At the beginning of this century England, Scotland and Ireland had a population of 11,000,000, and France of 26,000,000, yet to-day the proportion of population in both countries is almost alike. Russia has increased her population by 60,000,000 since 1870, the result being that she has now a total population of 130,000,000. Germany had a population of 20,000,000 at the beginning of this century; now she has between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000, of whom almost a quarter is the result of the increase of births over deaths. Germany, too, is making vast strides as a colonial power, and her population in those distant possessions already amounts to a considerable number.—N. Y. Herald.

Taking No Chances.

The domestic man rang the boarding house bell. Mrs. Skinner came to the door, spoon in hand.

"Madam, do you take children?" "Do I take children, eh? Ah, yes, I know you. You are one of these hired detectives. If I said I took children you'd implicate me in the kidnaping wave that's going over the country. But I'm too smart. Now, you get it!"

And she waved the spoon in the domestic man's face.—Chicago Evening News.

A Source of Trouble.

A defective hammock sometimes causes lovers to fall out.—Chicago Daily News.

A BUSINESSLIKE WOMAN.

One Who Easily Proved Her Sex Capable of a Practical Turn of Mind.

Dr. Nathan Wood told a good story of woman's capability for business at the annual meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association of New England. He said:

"I happened to be a trustee of Vassar college. At first I shared with all my fellows the old-time feeling about its not being quite possible for women to be dignified and intelligent in business matters of a corporation charged with the management of a great institution. I well remember when the alumna of Vassar finally persuaded the trustees to let them nominate three women to be fellow trustees with us. There were 27 of us on that board of trustees, and all of them except the present speaker were very distinguished gentlemen.

"We had before us a grave problem, as the city of Poughkeepsie had determined that we must do something about the sewerage of the college. We had spent money and money and money in endeavoring to remedy its defects, but the city still followed us up and threatened us with suits. The matter was brought up in the board of trustees, and we were at our wits' end, when a woman got up in the board, and, in a very simple and modest fashion, she said: 'Gentlemen, I think if you would follow this plan you would succeed.' And she went on and outlined a plan in detail, giving us specifications, probable cost, probable amount of time, just what would need to be done, all in the most methodical and businesslike and clear fashion that you can imagine. We all gasped. We saw at once that she knew what she was doing and that she was talking from actual knowledge of the facts, and we adopted her plan. That woman was Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts institute of technology."

Retort from the Witness Stand.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel in cross-examining the young physician made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. Finally, he asked: "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

Many "Nobles" in Stripes.

According to the figures presented in a French magazine the number of persons of titled birth confined in the prisons of Europe is 20,000. Of these Russia has the largest representation, 12,000 of her blue-blooded lawbreakers having been placed behind the bars. Italy, whose prison cells contain thousands of noblemen, has won second place in this humiliating rivalry.

Regular to a Fault.

Boggs—Is Dobbs a man of regular habits? Biggs—Yes. He gets drunk every pay day.—N. Y. Journal.

"Do you dance on your toes, Miss Quickwit?" "Never, Mr. Clumsey. Other people do it for me."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The Enraged Rich Man.—Johnny—"Papa, what is a plutocrat?" Papa—"A man who has as much money as I'd like to have."—Puck.

Friendly Comment.—Mudge—"It is an awful thing to realize you have made an egregious ass of yourself, isn't it?" Yabber—"Ain't you used to it yet?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Bacon—"When a man is in love everything about looks different to him." Eggert—"Yes; it's the same way when he knocks his head against a gas bracket."—Yonkers Statesman.

It is funny what small respect married people sometimes have for each other's judgment when you remember that each is supposed to have picked out a perfect mate.—Boston Transcript.

When a girl reads of a heroine in a novel she longs for some trouble to stir the monotony of her life, so that she can show the stuff she is made of.—Atchison Globe.

When a man takes life easily it is hard to decide whether he is a philosopher or a loafer.—Town Topics.

Handy Missiles.—An applicant for a teacher's certificate in Reynolds county defined bric-a-brac as something to throw at a dog.—Kansas City Star.

"Though a girl may weigh 200 pounds," says the Manayunk philosopher, "she is probably a dear little fairy to some susceptible fellow."—Philadelphia Record.

"No, I positively can't go wheeling any more," said Cholly. "Isn't it fashionable?" asked the vulgar person. "Nav. Just popular."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Gifted Girl.—"How is your new maid, Mrs. Pique?" "Unusually clever; she can tell a book agent from an old friend of the family every time."—Detroit Free Press.

BARGAINS IN TOMBSTONES.

Advanced Methods in the Funeral Business Adopted Near a City Cemetery.

The approaches to all the cemeteries about New York are lined with stone yards, where headpieces may be had on short notice and in a great variety of styles to suit the varying tastes and degrees of grief or sentiment on the part of the survivors. Tombstones are such cumbersome and heavy ware that they are displayed at the very gates of the graveyards for convenience in making prompt deliveries. The demand for them is reasonably steady, and it would not strike the casual observer that there was much stimulation to an eager competition in the business of supplying them.

It is the more surprising, therefore, says the New York Sun, to come across a job lot of headstones at bargain prices. Out in an eastern suburb of the city on Long Island a wheeling tourist came upon an odd spectacle of a mark-down sale of tombstones the other day. All goods were marked in plain figures in the regular and much approved manner of the great department stores. The prices were attractive and the manner of their exhibition was enough to tempt one to lay in a supply against the time when in the course of nature he might need something in this line.

Lettered in white paint were all styles, shapes and sizes in granite monuments—plain, polished and ornate. "This style, \$20;" "Very fine at \$48;" "A beauty, only \$14.50," and "Reduced to \$20," were some of the legends. The stonecutter stood, like a floorwalker, among his wares, wearing an inviting smile, while a rival dealer across the way looked on with scorn all over his grimy face at the advanced business methods of his neighbor.

WANTED ST. PAUL'S ADDRESS.

A Turkish Censor Who Was After the Author of Epistles to the Galatians.

The Athens Asty reports that a Greek benevolent society in the Turkish capital recently issued a printed appeal to the Hellenic community in Stamboul for some special charitable object. The appeal contained a citation from one of the epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians. Two days after the publication of the circular a commissary of police from the censor's department called upon the printer and demanded the address of St. Paul, who was to be charged with the public utterance of seditious and politically provocative language.

The printer at first was inclined to laugh outright at the absurdity of the request and indictment, but as it is always a little risky to venture upon a piousness with a Turkish official he sedately replied that St. Paul, the author of the objectionable citation, had been dead for more than 18 centuries. This ruffled the gravity of the police commissary, who angrily exclaimed: "How dare you attempt such impudent jests with me?" and forthwith arrested the printer. Extraordinary as it may appear, the reiteration of the same simple explanation to the censor had an equally exasperating effect on that intelligent official, and the unfortunate typographer was locked up for his "perverse contumacy." It was only after the lapse of three days and on the urgent intervention of the Greek patriarch that the printer was released.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

How a Philadelphia Boy's Impromptu Amen Caused a Sensation in Court.

Attorney John A. Ward, one of the popular members of the Philadelphia bar, says the Inquirer, of that city, recalls at times an incident in one of the courts which happened shortly after he had been admitted to practice law, and which he tells with scarcely the shadow of a smile. It was when court was just opening for the morning session that a boy, sitting by his side, heard the usual prayer made by the crier. The lad seemed surprised, until, as the last words were uttered by the official, Ward, without a thought as to the result, punched the boy in the side with his elbow and told him to say Amen. Quick as a flash came the response from the boy in a tone of voice that at first startled lawyers and spectators and disturbed the equilibrium of the presiding judge.

When the instant of astonishment had passed men and women who were present laughed lightly as all eyes were directed toward the lad and Ward. "I was too confused to do anything," says the latter, "except to look in any direction but at the youth, who seemed to be appealing to me to know why everybody was looking at us. I still say 'amen' myself when prayer requires it, but I have never told anyone else to do so since the occurrence in court, and I never will."

CHRONIC WEATHER KICKERS.

The Lunchroom Philosopher Gives His Views on Mankind in General.

"D'je ever notice," said the lunchroom philosopher, "what a never-contented lot o' pinheads we are? Now, it seems no time at all since I was a-rarin' around and kickin' like blazes because the leaves and crocuses didn't appear on schedule time. I believe I blamed my wife for it. I was so dead sick and tired of chilly blasts and my olive green top-coat that I sort o' held her personally responsible for the backwardness of the blues and daisies and pansies. I told her that I wanted red-hot, sizzling weather, and lots of it—that for all I cared a ding the sun could go on sizzling forever. Now I find that I'm sick of the summer. I find myself longing to hear the leaves swirling in the ditches and to have the fire lighted in the latrobe. I find that I want to take brisk walks in the sharp, chilly air. I find that I'm hungry for buckwheat cakes and sausage. I'm tired o' beer. I'm weary of car riding out in the country. Durn it all—I want snow three feet high, blizzards of it, and I want the theater, and the hot Scotchies! And along toward the end of next February I'll be chewing red-hot, sizzling weather, about moving to some tropical country, where I can get warmed up and be fanned by balmy zephyrs, and all that kind o' beat. We don't know what we want. We even get sick of seasons that we long for, much as kids get sick of their painted Noah's arks or tin soldiers."—Washington Post.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has just unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

An Ounce of Prevention.

"Doctor, a friend of mine has assured me that sucking lemons will prevent sea sickness. Is that true?" "Yes, provided you sit in the shade of a tall tree while you suck the lemon."—Standard and Catholic Times.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, improving nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Its Equivalent.

Pedagogue (severely)—Now, sir, for the last time, what's the angle of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?

Boy (desperately)—It's equivalent to a kickin' for me, sir. Go ahead.—Boston Traveler.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It's simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Liked Him.

Jaggles—I see there's a new keeper in the menagerie. Didn't the animals like the old one?

Waggles—I guess so; they ate him up.—Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Just So.

"You big dod-gasted duffer!" cried the star centerfielder. "Did you say I was out?" "Precisely," replied the umpire. "You are just \$25 out." And he carefully noted the fine in his little book.—Philadelphia North American.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pilo's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 10, '94.

A man has to be very much in love with a woman to willingly carry her parasol over her.—Philadelphia Times.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Don't go to extremes—especially in your dealings with bees and wasps.—Chicago Daily News.

DR. MOFFETT'S
TEETHINA
TEETHING POWDERS

Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Makes Teething Easy. **TEETHINA** Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Costs Only 25 Cents. Ask Your Druggist for It.



SUCCESSFUL SHOOTERS SHOOT WINCHESTER

Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and ammunition are the standard of the world, but they do not cost any more than poorer makes. All reliable dealers sell Winchester goods. **FREE:** Send name and address on a postal for 150 page illustrated Catalogue describing all the guns and ammunition made by the **WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., 180 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

Plantation Chill Cure is Guaranteed

To cure, or money refunded by your merchant, so why not try it? Price 50c.

ROBERT DOWNING

Tells the Secret of His Great Endurance.



Robert Downing, the Tragedian.

Robert Downing was recently interviewed by the press on the subject of his splendid physical health. Mr. Downing promptly and emphatically gave the whole credit of his splendid physical condition to Peru-na, saying:

"I find it a preventive against all sudden summer ills that swoop upon one in changing climates and water. It is the finest traveling companion and safeguard against malarial influences."

"To sum it up, Peru-na has done me more good than any tonic I have ever taken. Healthy mucous membranes protect the body against the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Peru-na is sure to bring health to the mucous membranes of the whole body."

Write for a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book entitled "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Peru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Peru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

A Natural Black is Produced by **Buckingham's Dye** for the Whiskers. 50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA. Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture. Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Ecclesiastical students at special rates. Room Free. Junior or Senior Year, Collegiate Courses. Rooms to Rent, moderate charge. St. Edward's hall, for boys under 13. The 60th Year will open September 5th, 1899. Catalogues Free. Address: REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MILITARY ACADEMY

Prepares for Government Academies and Colleges. Full Commercial Course. Major B. F. HYATT, A. M., Principal, WEST LEBANON, N. H. A. N. K.—E 1775

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, September 21, 1899

DURING a conversation with our young friend, David H. Linden, one day last week, he remarked that he would be a candidate for high sheriff at the next election, and asked at the same time if we did not think he was entitled to some consideration at the hands of the party. We answered that individually, we knew of nothing to the contrary, and now by way of bringing him before the party as a candidate for the position to which he aspires, we will say that we believe he is entitled to consideration, and believe that a majority of the young Democrats of Wolfe will bear us out in the assertion. Dave Linden has been a Democrat ever since he was allowed by law to help the rooster scratch for Democratic success, and in every election since he reached his majority he has spent both his money and time to aid in the success of the party. Aye, in some cases, where he was individually in love with the candidate he has known neither daylight nor darkness, cold nor heat, but has ridden day and night to help the cause of his party and of his friend whomsoever that friend may have been. Now, for the first time in life he asks that the party may give him the nomination for sheriff, and assures us that if he should be awarded that honor he will carry the banner to victory. Of all this large family, and they are as the sands of the sea, in this county, he is the first to ever offer for office with the bare exception of his father, who held the office of magistrate for three or four years, 1885-87, or thereabouts, and as a reward for the valiancy of that family it is but just that one of them should be rewarded with office. Take away from the party the Linden vote and the Democratic majority would be so meager as to figure in the minority column. But in due time Mr. Linden will announce and the rank and file of the party may then say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy reward," by giving him the nomination. In the meantime our readers may study the situation and be prepared to answer Mr. Linden's appeal. This, however, we will add: If Dave Linden should be honored with the nomination and election he will prove true to the trust, and and honor those in turn who honor him.

The Old and New Election Laws.

It is no defense, nor excuse for, the present election law that the old law, to which it is an amendment, was a bad system, had serious defects and needed amendment; nor is it a defense that it is a better law than the old law, even if this were true, for those who enacted this law that the power to adopt a proper law. There were serious defects in the old law. They were however, comparatively few and easy of remedy. An act amending the old law, by requiring the ballots to be preserved and returned, with the election book and certificates, and giving any candidate the right to have the ballots recounted with a limited time by an impartial tribunal; requiring the county judge to appoint officers of

the election from lists furnished by the respective organizations, with a right of mandamus and speedy hearing when this was disobeyed, and Kentucky would have had a fairly good system. Under that law the person who appointed the officers of the election—the county judge—was only one of a board who received the returns, counted them and issued certificates. It was his duty to appoint officers of different political parties and of certain qualifications. The evil was that he could disobey this law, and there was no quick and inexpensive remedy. This could have been easily supplied. Another evil was the immediate destruction of the ballots. A simple amendment requiring these ballots to be returned and giving any candidate the right to recount them, would have remedied that evil. If the power of the county judge to appoint officers had been limited to power to select from duplicate or triplicate lists furnished him by party organizations, his power for evil would have been greatly limited. There was, therefore, no difficulty in enacting a simple and comparatively short mandatory act which would have made our former system an excellent system. The present act has all the old system and has added to it indefensible evils.

1. The fundamental principle of the old system was localized authority. The fundamental principle of the present system is centralized power. Formerly 119 county judges appointed the election officers of 119 counties, and, therefore, it was impossible for a single boss or central authority to control these 119 local judges. Whatever other evils that system had, it was an absolutely perfect defense to centralization of power and corruption. The county of McCracken and the county of Boyd could not be controlled by the same central power at Frankfort or Louisville. The county judges were of different parties. In 1897, we believe, some 85 or 90 of the county judges were Democratic. On the doctrine of chances, it was fair to presume that the corruption in one county would be nearly offsetted or counterbalanced in another county or section of the state. The county judge was not selected for the purpose of appointing the officers of election. He was not selected on account of his ability to select proper men for officers of the election. As a rule he was a fairly fit man to be entrusted with power. Under his control were the fiscal affairs of the county, and the tax payers were greatly interested in selecting a competent man for that office. The officers of the state and local returning boards were not elected for the sole purpose of counting the returns and certifying the result. They had other grave and official duties to perform and the tax payers are careful in their selection of these men.

Under the present law that system is wholly set aside, and the centralized power is conferred upon three persons at Frankfort. This is a complete revolution; the utter upturning of all the customs, habits and laws of our elections. And this is the real cause of this change. Under the old system a boss could not control the electoral machinery; under the present system he can control it. Under the old system there was a fair chance for honest elections in the vast majority of the counties, and a good chance that whatever was corrupt would be offsetted in other counties; under this system the entire election machinery of the state can be, and is, in the hands of a single man, and every election precinct is controlled by the authority at Frankfort.

2. Under the old system, the county returning boards, as we have pointed out above, were not elected for this particular purpose; and the state returning boards consisted of state officers, who filled the chief offices of the state, men who are presumed to be, and as a rule were, men of high character, of state reputation, of known integrity and of large intelligence. As to the local boards, they were selected by the voters whose returns they received and who were deeply and personally interested in local elections, and they were responsible to those voters and any outrage committed by them could be at once taken hold of and punished either by the local judicial authorities or by defeating them for fu-

ture office. And as to the returning board of the state, it was selected by the voters of the entire state; nominated by one of the great parties and then elected by a majority of the voters, and elected for qualifications and reasons wholly divorced from this particular duty.

Under this system the local boards are selected solely for fitness to accomplish the purposes of this act; are elected by a central board elected by the legislature, supposed to be nominees of a party caucus, but really chosen by whoever is in control of the party machinery, and chosen for fitness to accomplish the desired end; not chosen because they are fit for the office of governor or on account of distinguished service; not chosen on account of their wide intelligence, as shown in the execution of grave and important official duties, but chosen because they are partisans supposed to be of a character that will make them do what the party chieftain desires.

3. Under the present system the returning board, local and state, are practically irresponsible. The local boards hold their office at the pleasure of the state board, who can remove them whenever they so desire. The state board hold their offices for years, and there is no prescribed mode in which they may be removed. It is possible that they are liable to impeachment, but this is practically useless as our legislatures meet only once in two years, and sit for only sixty days, and it was no doubt designed that this state board should not be responsible to any authority; that it should feel it was practically in no danger of punishment; that it had a practical immunity from punishment; that it could do any act it desired without receiving therefor any other penalty than the condemnation of an intelligent public sentiment. It is, therefore, absurd to say that this act is a fair, honest and impartial election law. It is modeled after the worst election system of the carpet baggers during the reconstruction period, and the returning boards are under less responsibility and with less limitation upon their powers than any returning boards under any law known to us.—Lexington Herald.

ROSE & DAVIS

—THE—
Blacksmiths

—AND—

Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

A Free Trip to Paris!

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HAZEL GREEN, KY

Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

CARTER DRY GOODS COMPANY,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS

AND NOTIONS,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

Great CLOTHING Sale

At

Louis & Gus Straus',

LEXINGTON, KY.



Beautiful Cassimere Suits, at : : \$5.00

Beautiful Blue Suits, G. A. R. style, at : 5.00

Genuine Imported Blue Serge Suits, at 10.00

Best 25c. Underwear in the World.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department is the most extensive in Kentucky, and in fit, workmanship, &c., we defy the world.

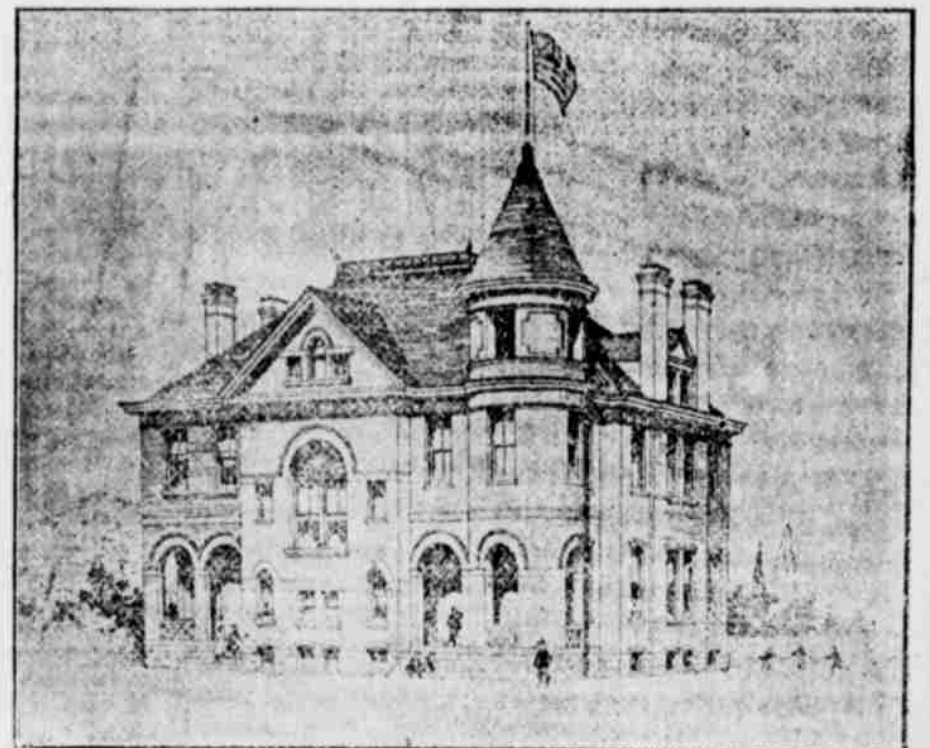
Our stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing is complete, representing the products of all the leading manufacturers of the United States.

We do not deal in Shoddy Goods, Auction Sale Goods or Fire Sale Goods.

Our reputation for the past thirty years is a sufficient guarantee.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

Lexington's Leading Clothiers.



If you want to study **MUSIC**, Voice Culture, Piano, Guitar, or Mandolin; If you want to study **BUSINESS**, Book-keeping, Short-hand or Typewriting; If you want to study **LANGUAGES** and **MATHEMATICS**; If you want to take a **Collegiate Course**; If you want a **COUNTY** or **STATE CERTIFICATE**; If you want **ANY OR ALL** of the above, enter the

KENTUCKY WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

Fall term begins Monday, Sept. 25, 1899.

OUR WORK.

Our methods are more searching, and our moral and intellectual standard higher than any other school in Eastern Kentucky.

The same Faculty as for the past two years, and our work will be of the same high character. For catalogue or further information, address

E. E. BISHOP, Principal, Campton, Ky.



LAMPS!

JOHN M. ROSE,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

This week invites your attention to the finest line of lamps ever brought to Hazel Green, including, parlor, dining room and kitchen, and they will be sold at "way down" prices.

In the grocery line you will find the best in the market.



THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By

WILL H. HARRIS

Copyright, 1908, by
A. S. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palaces. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Butlet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks calls for a crematory employee, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting, postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantini had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others. Hendricks and Lampkin go to Kola's retreat. Kola tells them Gielow is dead, and to prove his supernatural powers claims to go to the detective's home in his astral body and bring back a Bible, which is handed to Hendricks amidst a lot of occult balderdash. Kola warns detective an attempt is to be made on his life. Reaching home, Hendricks learns how nearly Kola deceived him when his mother tells of disappearance of Bible after one of Kola's calls during his absence in Boston. Coming now to Gielow's experiences, the story goes back to night of murder, when Bantini by his strange power abducted his victim. Bantini tells his prisoner he is in his power and how during three days of unconsciousness he had been used to write letters to Miss Huntington and the police. The imprisoned artist manages to loosen a stone in side of cell. Through this opening he pushes his cuff with its bloody message to the outer world. Sergt. Denham, not having known of Hendricks' connection with the affair, comes to him for advice. This brings out fact that cuff was found near palisades. Detective is now convinced of identity of Kola and Bantini, and with Denham and Lampkin, joined by Miss Huntington, who begs to accompany them, set out to rescue Gielow. Hendricks and Lampkin, leaving Denham and Miss Huntington in carriage, go into the old house. Here they are trapped by Kola, and would have been plunged to their death through trap door in floor had not Denham appeared. Kola is bound. By means of either the doctor decides to make him talkative.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Good, good!" approved Hendricks, as Kola's body began to grow limp. "Give him some more!"

"Oh, no, he must not be too deeply under it," objected Lampkin. "He is just right now. Let him loose. I'll manage him as easily as a rowboat downstream. Now, if he will only talk!"

Kola's face was bloodless. For a moment there was no sound inside or outside of the house. Lampkin raised the towel a little, for the lips of the Indian were moving.

A harsh laugh broke from the death-like face.

"It's the wisdom of the east," chuckled Kola. "I'll never be suspected, and when Hendricks is out of the way, I shall be free. Yes, free, and rich, and as powerful as a king."

There he paused. Lampkin held up his hand to warn the others not to speak, and in a distinct voice said:

"But Gielow—will he be found?"

"Never!" burst impulsively from Kola's lips. "No one else knows the secret door. No one would think of the head of the dragon."

The eyes of Hendricks and the doctor met. Hendricks flashed knowingly, and he grunted as he turned and ran into the hall. A moment later Lampkin followed, fluting the detective examining the walnut dragon at the foot of the stairs.

"I believe on my life that the head of the thing unscrews," Hendricks exclaimed, excitedly. "See where it has been rubbed by use. By Jove, I have it!"

Grasping the head in his hands, Hendricks gave it a powerful wrench, and it began to turn. In a moment it came off, and they saw, protruding from a hollow tube in the neck of the dragon, a steel rod with a ring on its end. Hendricks tried to push the rod downward, but it resisted his efforts. Then, ascending the steps till he was above the ring, he pulled it steadily upward. A little bell inside the dragon rang. This was followed by a creaking sound under the hall floor, and a tall gilt-framed plate-glass mirror in the brick wall near by leaned outward on one side. Running to it, Lampkin pulled it out and found that it turned on hidden hinges. And behind the mirror was revealed a doorway and a narrow flight of stairs leading downward into the darkness. There was a lantern on the first step, and Hendricks lighted it, and holding it above his head he hurried down the stairs. At first the steps were of wood, but deeper down they were of unwhewn stone.

Perhaps 40 feet from the surface of the earth, they found themselves in a long, narrow cavern, which wound about like a serpent's trail. And when they had gone perhaps 200 yards from their starting point they found themselves stopped by a brick wall in which was a rusty iron door. The door was locked, but a bunch of keys hung on a hook near by.

"We have found him," said Lampkin. Hendricks nodded as he began to try the keys in the lock. After many failures, the door was finally opened, and, in the combined light of the lantern and a streak of daylight that came in at a tiny crack in the rock, they saw, crouching in a corner, a white-faced creature with walling eyes and disheveled hair.

"Who is it?" came from the Nps in a rasping whisper.

"Friends," said Hendricks.

Gielow tried to rise, but fell backward.

"In God's name—water!" he gasped. "Here, drink this first," said Lampkin, kneeling and drawing out from his pocket a flask of brandy. Gielow tried to take the bottle in his hands, but his fingers were too stiff from cold. Dr. Lampkin placed the bottle to his lips, and Gielow drank.

"Oh, thank God!" he said. "Is it true, are you friends?"

"This is Mr. Minard Hendricks," answered Lampkin, with a glance at the holder of the lantern, "and Miss Huntington is outside in a carriage waiting to take you home."

"Oh, no, really?" cried the prisoner, and then he lowered his head to his knees and laughed like a happy child. "It seems like years since I came here."

He tried again to rise, but Lampkin stopped him.

"You must first drink some of this liquid food," he said.

As he opened the bottle, Gielow eyed it like a famished beast. As he was taking it from a spoon from the doctor's hands, Hendricks peered out through the crack.

"I have the solution now," he remarked. "In cutting the new road along here, they came within a few feet of chopping the end off this cavern. The blasting caused the crack. He must have thrust his message through it."

Gielow nodded as he ate, but he made no comment.

"Now, that is enough for the present," said Lampkin. "We must get you out of here and warm you up before we do anything else."

They raised the artist to his feet, and bore him slowly between them along the dark passage, and up the dark stairs to the hall above.

"We'll take him straight to Kola's room and wrap him up," said the doctor.

CHAPTER XXI.

When they had put him in a big, soft bed in the chamber adjoining Kola's reception room, Hendricks went out to the carriage. The green curtain was still down, but he saw that it was pulled aside, and that the occupant was peering cautiously out. When she saw him coming, she opened the carriage door and looked anxiously into his face.

Hendricks smiled.

"Gielow is safe," he said. "He is weak, of course, but he will pull through all right."

She seemed unable either to answer or to move. The stare of her eyes seemed to indicate doubt on her part as to the verity of the news.

"I think you might come in, if you wish," added Hendricks. "We have put him to bed, and the doctor is preparing something warm for him."

Without a word, she got out of the carriage, and dumbly followed him. As they were ascending the steps, she paused half-way up the flight and looked at Hendricks pitifully, and then down at her feet. Her knees bent and she clutched his arm.

"I—I don't know what's the matter with me," she faltered. "I don't seem able to move. Oh, please pardon my weakness."

"It's the shock," said Hendricks, almost tenderly. "You must try to calm yourself. All the trouble is over, you know, and the prisoner is in chains."

"I thought something serious had happened," she said, slowly recovering. "I heard the crash, and then, as you did not appear, and the sergeant remained, I thought something was wrong."

"Perhaps you had better go back to

the carriage and not try to go in," suggested Hendricks.

The remark seemed to rouse her to action.

"Oh, no, I must see him! I can help," and, releasing his arm, she mounted the steps unaided.

Hendricks led her to the door of the room where they had taken Gielow. Lampkin appeared on the threshold.

"He's begging to see you, Miss Huntington," said he.

He pushed the door open, and when she had gone in he closed it and stood facing Hendricks. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes without speaking. Then Hendricks turned away abruptly.

He went into a little alcove off the big reception-room, and, glancing at Denham and the sleeping Indian, he rang the telephone.

He ordered from the nearest police station a patrol wagon, for the prisoner, and an ambulance, with all the comforts available, for the transportation of an invalid. Then he came and looked down at Kola's face.

"I presume you found Gielow pretty bad off," remarked Denham. There was something in his tone which showed vast respect for Hendricks.

Hendricks nodded, and then he stretched his hand over Kola to the young officer.

"My boy, you saved three lives this morning, and showed the sort of stuff you are made of. I shall never forget you. You won't lose by it. I shall speak to your chief about you. If he ever goes back on you, or you need employment, come to me."

Denham flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Thank you, Mr. Hendricks," he said, feelingly.

At this juncture the Indian opened his eyes and stared fixedly at Hendricks.

"I hate you, Hendricks," were his first words.

"Flies seem to do the same thing in the summer," answered Hendricks, drily, "but I manage to get along. I am not bald-headed."

"If you will guarantee safety to me," said Kola, after a moment's deliberation, "I will restore Gielow to you. He may be alive yet, but if I do



"WE HAVE FOUND HIM."

not reveal the secret of his hiding-place he will never see the light of day. I tell you I am positively the only living possessor of the secret."

Hendricks' face wore a comical expression. He glanced at Denham and said:

"Rich, isn't it?"

Denham nodded, and Kola's bead-like eyes rolled back and forth wondering as his gaze vibrated between them.

"It is not an unreasonable request," said he.

"You forget," replied Hendricks, suavely, "that you have already courteously volunteered all the information necessary. You are a gem, Count Bantini. You actually do so many good deeds that you forget about them. You, of course, remember telling us about the head of the dragon, the lantern, the stone stairs, the long cavern, and the cell at the end."

Kola's face darkened. He reflected a moment and then said:

"I see you made me talk unconsciously. I acknowledge that you have undone me completely."

He sat up and his handkerchiefs clanked as he folded his hands over his knee.

"Is Gielow alive?" he questioned.

"Thanks, yes," said Hendricks.

"Well, I am glad of that, anyway. He stood between me and my desire, that's all I had against him."

Half an hour later Hendricks went out on the veranda and looked down the road. Dr. Lampkin was there walking back and forth.

"How's Gielow?" asked the detective.

"Tip-top," answered the doctor. "He'll be at his easel in a week. How's the prisoner?"

"Resigned and meek as a lamb," answered the detective. "He made a complete confession to Denham and myself just now."

"And I presume the mystery is solved at last," remarked Lampkin, tentatively. "I must say, however, that I am still in the dark on one or two features of the case. For instance, it seems an unnecessary thing for Kola to cremate the body and inform you

anonymously that the remains would be found in the hotel."

"That seems to have been an after-thought, and there was a reason for it," explained Hendricks. "He was spending a pleasant evening with his victim in Caruthers' rooms and committed the deed sooner than he really intended. Caruthers, it appears, was just beginning to suspect that Kola was not an Italian, and a dispute arose between them. Kola struck him a single blow in the temple, and he fell dead without a sound or blood."

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed Lampkin.

"Then," went on Hendricks, "Kola feared, as he was seen to enter Caruthers' rooms, that he would be suspected, so he quickly resorted to the excellent scheme of making it appear that his victim had suddenly left the city."

"He first crowded Caruthers' body into one of his big trunks and deliberately went down to the street and employed a passing baggageman to come up for the trunk, pretending that it was his. Without attracting notice, he got the trunk delivered at his own rooms in town, and early the next morning had it removed out here by his Indian servant. He next dropped Caruthers' valet a note from Philadelphia, which was mailed in that city by an eastern confederate, and later he forged another communication to Miss Huntington."

"But, in the meantime, he was thinking of some unique means of totally destroying the body. He ended by cutting it up and reducing it to ashes by oxy-hydrogen flame, all except the hand, which, for a time, escaped his notice. He was about to throw the ashes away when he ran across the hand. Then the thought occurred to him that unless it was proved beyond doubt that Caruthers was actually dead there would be endless litigation before Miss Huntington could come into her uncle's estate. As you know, that would not have suited Kola, so he put the ashes and hand in the vase, and managed to get them into Caruthers' apartments. His first idea was that it would be taken for the work of a crank, hence his cranky letter to me. His next inspiration was to hypnotize Gielow and make him confess and flee, but for a week the artist persistently avoided him, and it was not till Kola discovered that I was back from Boston that he accidentally met the artist and accomplished his purpose."

"But why did Kola make the first attempt on your life?" asked the doctor.

"Because he had already decided to murder Caruthers, marry the heiress and continue his role of Italian count in New York, and was afraid that I would sooner or later recognize him."

"But the second attempt on your life?" questioned Lampkin.

"Was because he found out that I was at the rooms of Count Bantini the morning after Gielow's apparent flight, and was afraid I would finally discover his disguise. I think from the fact that he avoided me during that time that he was afraid of me, but after he played the Bible trick on us I think he believed he could frighten me out of following up the Bantini clew and into a belief in the guilt of Gielow. However, his fears got the best of him and he decided to kill both you and me by means of his dead-fall."

Just then there was the sound of a gong down the road and the patrol wagon dashed into view.

"The ambulance will follow pretty soon," remarked Hendricks. "Doctor, I am going to leave you and Miss Huntington with the patient while Denham and I go in with our booty."

"That will be all right," answered Lampkin. "We'll look after him."

Denham and Hendricks had led Kola out to the wagon and put him in, and Hendricks was about to climb in after him when Dr. Lampkin came to the door and signaled to Hendricks to come back.

"Miss Huntington wants to see you before you go," he said.

A sheepish expression was mingled with the flush on Hendricks' face as he entered the room where Gielow lay awake and smiling contentedly. Miss Huntington rose from the bedside and held out her hand.

"I couldn't let you go without speaking to you," she said, her eyes filling. "I shall never forget your goodness as long as I live. You are the best friend I ever had. Arthur," she said, turning to Gielow, "I cannot say what I want to say. I am going to kiss him." And she put her arms around the neck of the detective and kissed him on the lips.

Hendricks grew very red in the face, and saying something about wishing he had it all to do over again, he backed from the room. As he turned at the threshold he stumbled over a rug and almost fell into Lampkin's arms.

The doctor braced him up with a hand on each of his shoulders, and grinned and smacked his lips significantly. But Hendricks only swore at him, waxed redder in the face and descended to the wagon and crawled in beside Kola.

THE END.

About the Size of It.

Willie—Say, pa, the paper says the wedding was a very quiet affair; what does it mean by that?

Pa—It must refer to the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

"For the Sake of Fun Mischief is Done."

A vast amount of mischief is done, too, because people neglect to keep their blood pure. It appears in eruptions, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, kidney diseases, and other ailments. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases promoted by impure blood or low state of the system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

SUNKHAZER FLIES OF MAINE.

Worse Than Jersey Mosquitoes and Kissing Bugs Have No Chance With Them.

Since reading in the newspapers of the kissing bug and his doings all the people in rural Maine have taken to capturing bugs and insects of all sorts and bringing the specimens to town for examination by newspaper men and naturalists. Countless are the kinds of bugs that have been taken to Bangor in bottles, boxes and preserve jars, and the captors all seem to be sorely disappointed when told that instead of the genuine kissing bug they have a moth killer, a lace-winged fly, or something quite common and harmless.

A man came from Veazie to Bangor the other day with a ferocious-looking bug corked up in a preserve jar and claimed the credit of having captured the first kissing bug in that part of the country. It was not the famous kissing bug that he had, but a native bug somewhat resembling a small lobster with wings.

"I don't care a hang," declared the Veazie man, when told that he must try again. "These fellows kin lick the stuffin' out of Sunkhazers, and that's what none of your common bugs kin do."

Not many people living far away from Bangor know what a "Sunkhazer" is like. It is a ferocious big fly that infests the flats and meadows about Sunkhazer deadwater, a place in the Penobscot river where the water is slack and where millions of logs are rafted. The Sunkhazers are the pest of the loggers, upon whom they feast to their heart's content, and nothing can drive them away. They are four times the size of the famed mosquitoes of Jersey, and any Maine man will back one of them against a dozen kissing bugs in a fair stand-up fight. Maine folks have, probably, no kissing bugs, but so long as the Sunkhazers survive they will not feel lonesome.—N. Y. Sun.

Doctor and Patient.

Dr. Brown—Aren't you rather inconsistent? You told me the other day that you are ten per cent. better than you were when you first consulted me, and now you have come here and want me to take 20 per cent. off my bill.

Convalescent—But I am not here, this time for my health.—Boston Transcript.

You likely do not want to undertake dyeing your old garments, because you have made failures, but this was with the old fashioned package dyes, that one package colored wool and another cotton. Putnam Fadeless Dyes color all kinds of fibers at once. You simply boil the goods with the dye and they are made new. You cannot fail in this.

It takes a woman to be unhappy thinking how unhappy she would be if she were not as happy as she is.—N. Y. Press.

Hewitt—"Every rose has its thorn." Jewett—"Yes; the thorn is the bill."—Town Topics.



Ayer's Pills
Is your breath bad? Then your best friends turn their heads aside. A bad breath means a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**.
Sole Mfrs. of Providence, R. I., W. L. Douglas & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with



Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE HAVE W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on bottom.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$5 and \$10 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.
A true and official copy. A Facsimile of the Historical Document, together with General Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. Its authenticity duly certified to by James G. Blaine, Sec. of State. Lithographed on fine bond paper in two colors and showing the great seal of the United States. Suitable for framing and an ornament to any home. Securely mailed to any address for 50 cents, postpaid. Remit by registered letter, money order, drafts or 5c. postage stamps to **WILSON & DALY**, 80 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Agents Wanted.

CARTER'S INK
Is what the largest and best school systems use.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50¢ trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

SUMMER VACATIONS.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Lessons from Our Annual Outings.

Dangers and Temptations That Surround Our Watering Places—Necessity of a Period of Inoculation.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.]

At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John 5:2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 300 feet long, 130 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdae are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen, the trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliants into the game basket; the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the tiffin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rattle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering places is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet—piston and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged-out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoculation. Luther used to sport with his children, Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are of the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house or Sharon Springs or the Falls of

Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara falls or the White mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with \$2,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of Heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming, but under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of the country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and how and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find a war vessel as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends the summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering places; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern wa-

tering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial" or she is "merry" or she is "festive" or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the tiffin or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the cotillion they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debauch the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom indeed can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal shoot or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But this is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret and the second mile it is sherry and the third mile it is punch and the fourth mile it is ale and the fifth mile it is whiskey and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—health and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of those summer watering places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron and so much of soda and so much of lime and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to this watering place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Capt. Naaman, who, blotted and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

A Marrying Family.

A Whangarei (New Zealand) youth who advertised for a wife was amazed to find among the replies letters from two of his sisters, with photographs inclosed.

If all flesh is grass cannibals must be vegetarians.—Chicago Daily News.

HAUNTED HOUSE MYSTERY.

It Was a Playful Skunk Having a Game of Football That Mystified the Tenants.

"A mystery has been solved in a house not far from San Gabriel, Cal.," said a resident of a neighboring little town, "a mystery that convinced several sensible persons that ghosts do live and walk about o' nights. A certain rancher wished to go to the beach for the summer, so he rented his cottage for six months to some eastern people, and there is where the trouble began. The newcomers liked the place, but a few days after they had moved in one of the members of the family went to the man who was working on the place and asked if there was anything peculiar about the house. 'No,' the man replied; 'why do you ask?' 'Well,' said the new tenant, 'we didn't sleep much last night. We went to bed early, and not long after my boy came and knocked at my door and said he heard some one trying to get in the house. I crept out into the hall and then went all over the house, but I heard nothing, so went back to bed. In a few minutes my boy called to me, and said that he had heard a noise again. By this time the whole household was aroused. I went into the boy's room, but still heard nothing; then I put out the light and sat down to listen, and it wasn't ten minutes before I heard the noise. It sounded like a person crawling along the floor of the next room; then something seemed to go bounding along like a ball, and we heard it strike the wall. Some of the children, who had followed me, were on the borders of hysterics by this time. I crept out into the hall again, my revolver in one hand and some matches in the other, and toward the door of the next room. It was no light, and as I peeped through the keyhole I could see the room suffused with light, but apparently there was no one in it; yet there was the greatest scampering around that you have ever heard.

"For a second," continued the tenant, "I could not see distinctly, but when I looked around the room there was no one there; nothing to be seen but a ball, a big rubber ball, a sort of child's football, resting in the middle of the floor. I was dumfounded; the windows were locked and there was no place in which to hide, so I finally backed out and went into my boy's room, and told the family that it was the wind. But that didn't go, for as I was telling them this the ball went scurrying across the floor and the phantom was after it. Again I went out, and this time I held the door open and tried to look in. I waited some moments, but nothing appeared, and that was the last we heard of it that night.

"The following night the same thing occurred, so I took the ball out, and that ended the noise again, but when I put the ball back the ghost comes, and it has made the family so nervous that they wish to leave the place."

"That beats me," said the astonished workman. "I have been around the house for two years and never heard that it was haunted. I believe," he added, "that I can get away with any ghost that ever walked, and if you will let me go up and try to-night I'll guarantee to find out the trouble."

"So it was arranged; the man slept in the room which the boy had occupied, and the ball was replaced in the haunted room. At 11 o'clock the man was heard to go up and the ball started to roll about. The ranch hand crept to the door of the next room very carefully and at first made no attempt to open it; apparently he was listening; then he slowly opened the door, listened a moment, and closed it, and went down the hall to where the tenant was standing. 'Do you want to see the ghost?' he asked. 'Well, come on.' The tenant followed him, and after waiting for a few moments he saw, through the crack of the partially opened door, a little black animal suddenly appear in a broad band of moonlight, and rising up, strike at the ball with its fore paws, sending it whirling about the floor. A kitchen maid, who was in the room, in a whisper, 'No, a skunk,' replied the man; 'a polecat—that's your ghost, and I would be careful how you run in on him.' It was true, and after some search a small hole was discovered through which the animal had entered the room, where it amused itself playing ball by the light of the moon."—N. Y. Sun.

A New Version.

"I have a very interesting German friend," said a well-known business man, "and he amuses me very much by trying to use American slang like a native. One expression that particularly caught his fancy was 'By Jimmy.' But his version is original, though he doesn't intend to be. The nearest he can come to it is 'By Jimmy'—and that's what he always says.

The other day I had a letter from him that shows that his slang vocabulary is increasing. He was describing some goods that were unusually fine and not what everybody would be likely to have. In fact, to quote him, they were something that couldn't be bought by every 'Tom, Dick and Thomas.'—Detroit Free Press.

Need Remodeling.

Some men who claim to be the architects of their own fortunes would be worth twice as much to-day had they employed another architect at a fair salary.—Chicago Daily News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"He has very decided views, hasn't he?" "Yes; they are decided by his wife."—London Tit-Bits.

"Your friend has a wonderful mental grasp." "He has," was the weary answer. "He thinks he owns the earth."—Washington Star.

No Difference.—Mistress (greatly scandalized)—"Is it possible, Hannah, you are making bread without washing your hands?" New Kitchen Girl—"Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread."—American Hebrew.

Byrne-Tumber—"I heard a comment up at the academy to-day upon that painting of yours, 'The Harvesters.'"

M. Presnuit—"Complimentary?"

Byrne-Tumber—"I can't decide. A rustic-looking visitor glanced at it for a few moments and remarked that it made him tired."—Standard and Catholic Times.

Bess—"So Tom had the impudence to kiss you last night?" Tess—"Yes, but he came around to-day to explain. He said: 'I'm sorry if I hurt you. I admit I'm only an apology for a man, but I love you, and that was the only way I could tell you.'"

Bess—"The ideal well?"

Tess—"Well, I accepted the apology."—Catholic Standard.

Mrs. Brown—"Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a civil engineer." Mrs. Smith—"Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call 'teller' in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit, and he just laughed at me."—Household Words.

An ungallant man in the west sued a lady who had rejected his suit and married another for the expenses incurred by him while courting her, and was given damages by an equally ungallant jury. Which betrays a mercenary disposition in that region to tax women on the luxury hitherto conceded to them free, as an inalienable prerogative of their sex to break hearts.—Baltimore American.

EEL JAM ON THE DELAWARE.

Hungry Pike Chase Thousands of the Lively Wrigglers Out of the Water.

Eels caused a jam in the raceway to the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan canal at Scudder's Falls one day lately. Chased by a school of Delaware creek pike, apparently the entire June batch of eels at the falls ran up the swift overflow to escape death in the sharp jaws of the pike, and clogged the six-foot stream until it overflowed into the yard of Edward Harding, adjoining the so-called raceway.

Thousands of eels were killed in the jam, thousands were left high and dry in Harding's yard when the pike retreated, and hundreds of pike were picked up on land after having jumped from the stream in their frantic efforts to cross the leaders of their school and feed on the young eels.

The sight of millions of eels jammed in one huge, wriggling mass, struggling to escape death from their regular July persecutors, the pike, while many were being crushed to death by their fellows because unable to advance, coupled with the sight of thousands of shiny, jumping, frantic, hungry pike, all packed so tight in a swift, shallow current as to turn the waters over a two-foot embankment, was one calculated to excite the most phlegmatic follower of the rod and reel. Harding says the fight for life lasted half an hour.

Although almost too much overcome by the sight to realize his opportunity Harding gathered enough pike to pickle for his winter's supply, besides seven bushels to sell, and has enough young eels in his yard to fertilize his garden. Had he retained his presence of mind, Harding says, he could have caught enough pike with a scoop shovel in a half hour to supply the population of the city of Trenton.

"But I was excited, and only got a bar'l," said Harding, sorrowfully. "An' I wouldn't ha' got them, I don't guess, ef they hadn't ha' jumped in my yard in their efforts to git at th' eels. D'no what I'll do with th' eels. They're June's, an' too small fer anythin' cep't fertilizer, tho' they're pretty good stuff fer that," he added.

Mr. Harding has lived beside the raceway for a number of years, and is accustomed to seeing the myriads of eels in the raceway, but he had never witnessed an attack upon them by the pike until the other day.

"Old Jim Allerton, who tended the bridge for a number of years," said Harding, "once told me about a fight between the eels an' the black bass that was somethin' terrific, but you know old Jim told some stories what warn't like some folks would think correct stories. But I think he was right. Jim said the bass swope down at the outlet and sort o' formed themselves into a circuit 'round about the eels afore they could get in the raceway to protee' therselves, an' the slaughter, as Jim tells th' story, was somethin' orful. But some folks swope down on the bass and driv'em off afore they could finish the feast."—N. Y. Sun.

Boulangers' Horse.

Gen. Boulangier's famous black horse, Tunis, is dead. It had been cared for by an admirer of the general.

WHO IS TO BLAME. Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root the great kidney remedy promptly cures. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience.



CAMPTON SPARKLES.

Rev. J. J. Dickey went to Manchester Thursday.

Hon. Joseph Lykins was in Lexington Friday and Saturday.

W. H. Manker, of West Liberty, was in town Wednesday.

C. O. Cardwell, of Stillwater, was in town Tuesday.

T. F. Stamper took a business trip to Mt. Sterling Tuesday.

A. F. Byrd and L. W. Combs went to Hazel Green Tuesday.

Courtney Combs and son, Sherman, were in Mt. Sterling Monday.

Born, to the wife of Carter Vancleave on the 13th inst., a boy.

Mrs. Lou, Carpenter, who has been sick for several days is convalescent.

J. T. Bailey had a fish restaurant in the Masonic building during court.

Court was in session this week and a great many cases disposed of.

W. H. Gevedon, of West Liberty, was noticed on our streets Thursday.

John Napier, who was wounded a few weeks ago, is improving and will soon be out.

Prof. Marion and wife were guests of Wm. Day and family of Frozen on Wednesday last.

A. H. Stamper and C. C. Fulks, have formed a partnership in the law business at this place.

Rev. H. O. Moore, formerly pastor of the M. E. church of this place, has been transferred to the Florida conference.

Hon. Sanford White, of Irvine, was in town Wednesday. Mr. White is stumping this part of the state in behalf of Goebel and the states ticket.

Sept. 16, '99. ZIR.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Corn gathering and molasses making are the order of the day at present.

Mr. Richie visited his son, Millard Richie, of this place, last week.

Dr. Bunton and Miss Carrie Swango, of Swango springs, were present at the school exercises last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Childers gave an apple-cutting at their home last week. Quite an enjoyable time by the young folks.

Mrs. C. E. French, Mrs. J. H. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Berry James, Misses Lillie Byrd, Eda James and Pearl Day, and Messrs Elza and Aleck James, of Hazel Green and vicinity, visited the school at this place and took in the entertainment by Prof. Caldwell on Friday afternoon.

On last Friday afternoon at the school R. M. Caldwell, of Bourbon county, entertained the school and patrons by his humorous and comical recitations. The school giving a few drills, hymns, etc. To say that the afternoon was pleasantly spent by all who were present is briefly expressing it. At times the whole house would merrily applaud the speaker, and all were interested. It was certainly one of the jolliest days in the history of the school. There were between 70 and 80 pupils present besides men, women and children, amounting in all to about 200 or more. We all appreciate Mr. Caldwell's kindness and enjoy his speaking. He will give an entertainment Tuesday night, Sept. 26, partly in interest of the school, and everybody is invited to be present. Come one, come all. He is one of the finest and best elocutionist in our state, and it will amply repay all who come to hear him.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Corn crops is rather light.

D. H. Landon has sore eyes, which is giving him much trouble.

Stoe's water is getting very scarce, creeks and branches all dry.

Rev. J. M. Little has moved back from Jackson to his farm.

Mrs. Lee Brooks, who has been sick for some time, we are glad to state is some better.

Uncle Sam Haddix and wife are both very sick. Dr. J. A. Taulbee is attending them.

Aunt Poggie Minton, of whom we have spoken of before, is being afflicted with cancer, is gradually getting worse.

Ely Late, of Galena, Kansas, arrived here the 9th inst., being on the road three months, he came by land in his buggy. To put it in his own language, He said, "He was nearly worn out, I was like too worn dead, I did."

Sept. 19, '99. UNCLE REMUS.

JAMBS JANGLES.
W. J. Wallace has moved to the R. D. Molley farm.
Billie Wilson went to Daysboro Saturday evening.
James Taulbee, who has been sick for sometime, is worse at this writing.
James Perkins and Miss Callie Taulbee passed through the Jambes Sunday.
Mort Wilson attended church at West Liberty Saturday and Sunday. You bet he looked Brown.
Misses Minnie Wallace, Rebecca Wilson, Alvin Oldfield and Mort Pieratt attended the meeting at West Liberty Sunday, and report a jolly time.
Sept. 18. SCRIBBLE.

MORGAN COUNTY.

CONSOLATION CHAT.

Water is as scarce in this vicinity as Gooble men.

Col. Wm. Wallace moved in the property vacated by R. D. Motley.

One William Lawson went through Consolation scallahooping.

Mrs. J. M. Motley is visiting R. D. Motley's family.

O. W. Cecil is one of the grand jurymen from Consolation.

Our school is progressing splendid and the attendance is very good.

R. D. Motley is in the blue grass looking for a location.

Mrs. Dora Swango was Takenaps Friday and dismissed her school.

Miss Minnie Wallace attended the annual meeting at West Liberty Sunday.

Ed. Cecil and wife were visiting on Lacy's creek Sunday.

Billy Wilson and Harland Oldfield were in this neck of the woods on Sunday.

Jesse Oldfields and family were the guests of C. C. Gillispie on last Saturday night.

Prof. South Hawkins, Principal of Morehead school, was seen passing through this vicinity Monday.

J. T. Wells, Deputy Sheriff of Morgan county, was in our vicinity on Friday, and made one arrest, but it didn't last.

Mrs. Dora Swango has dismissed her school for one week so the boys could get through their work without losing school.

John Bise and E. T. Blankenship have a protracted spell of toothache. But they say it is not as bad as the heartache.

Dr. S. B. Kash was called to see Jas. Taulbee Friday night. Jim was suffering with a pleurisy pain, but is improving with Dr. Kash's treatment.

R. H. BRYAN.

SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,
WHOLESALE + GROCERS,
LEXINGTON, KY.

KE HARTFIELD,
Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTS

GUGGENHEIMER & Co.
LYNCHBURG, VA.,

Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see him.

H. G. ROBINSON,
OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,
WITH

R. M. HUGHES,
PROPRIETOR

Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY,
WHOLESALE

HARDWARE

and CUTLERY,
CINCINNATI, O.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

Post No Bills
on this wall

MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Money to patent good ideas may be secured by our aid. The Patent Record, Baltimore, Md.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's
Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

After 14 year of honest toil, it looks as though all our work must spoil WITHOUT SALT TO SAVE IT. Just walk up and lay a dollar down, and I'll be a happy man in town!

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,19

GET YOUR NOT EHEADS, Envelopes, Letterheads, Catalogues, etc. Bills, &c., printed at HERALD office

THE BEST OF THEM ALL!!

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, \$3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be addressed to "PATENT OFFICE," sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

DRS. K. & K.
The Leading Specialists of America
20 YEARS IN OHIO.
250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS

Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the pressure of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

NO CURE - NO PAY

Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not so fit as you were. Our New Method will cure you. You run to risk.

250,000 CURED

Young Men - You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downward countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "worn-out veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure secured. NO CURE - NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure SYPHILIS, GLEET, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLANDER AND RILNEY diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS.
KENNEDY & KERGAN
122 W. FOURTH ST.,
CINCINNATI, O.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

ROLLIN A. KASH,

ATTORNEY-at-LAW,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him

SADDLES!



Since I opened my store in April I have sold in the neighborhood of \$500 worth of saddles - saddles for ladies, saddles for men, saddles for girls, saddles for boys - and in every case rendered entire satisfaction. If you need one call and see me.

JOHN M. ROSF.

A. HOFFMAN & SON, W. H. PIERATT,
MANAGERS,
MT. STERLING, KY. SOLICITOR,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HOFFMAN-PIERATT
Insurance Agency.

17 FIRE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

Loans negotiated, and all business of the mountains solicited.

PRINTING OF ALL KINDS NEATLY AND promptly done at this office.

Book-Keeping, Business, PHONOGRAPHY, Type-Writing, Telegraphy

GENERAL W. R. SMITH,
LEXINGTON, KY.,

For circular of his famous and responsible

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY

Awarded Medal at World's Exposition.

Refers to thousands of graduates in positions of

Trust and Board in family, about \$40.

Short-hand, Type-Writing, and Telegraphy, Specialties.

25 - The Kentucky University Diploma, under seal, awarded graduates. Literary Course free, if desired.

No vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful.

In order to have your letters reach us, address only,

GENERAL WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

Note - Kentucky University resources, \$500,000, and had nearly 1000 students in attendance last year.

CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,

Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal.

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due.

Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beety 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beety 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rileman 670.

NOTE - His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse - but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables.

Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

YOUR MAIL ORDERS

For anything and everything in the line of DRUGS, SUNDRIES, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS and Prescription Specialties will be promptly filled by us. Write us when you can't find what you want in your own stores.

JAS. E. COOPER, Druggist,
51-13 LEXINGTON, KY.

O. F. HARRISON

Attorney-at-Law,

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

DAVID S. ROSE,

Headquarters Ezel, Ky.,

REPRESENTS

SLINGLUFF, JOHNS & CO.,

WHOLESALE

BOOTS + AND + SHOES

Hopkins Place, BALTIMORE, Md.,

Respectfully solicits a share of the trade of mountain merchants.

ME-GRIM-INE

A positive and permanent cure for me-grim (Half-Head-ache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all

druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Hair Store.

We have in stock a full line of Hair Switches, from \$1.00 to \$10.00 each. Wigs, Curis and Puffs, Pompadour and Empire Combs; all styles of Hair Pins. Corsets and Waists fitted to the form. Stamped Linens at reduced prices. Silk at three (3) cents per skin. COLORINE, for changing the hair to any shade. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

MRS. M. A. KETCHUM,
Upper and Church Sts., Lexington, Ky.

GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR.

30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain and that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Underdevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but

WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write today for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

PROF. A. CHRYSTAL, Inventor.
295 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.

SPRING 1899.

TREES.....PLANTS.....VINES.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruits, Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.

We employ no agents, but sell at reasonable prices. Strawberry and Tree Catalogues on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER

LEXINGTON, KY.

Phone 278.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

The fourteenth annual session of Hazel Green Academy will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1899. Instruction thorough, discipline firm, expenses low.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.
Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.